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**GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE**

येषां न विद्या न तपो दानं ज्ञानं न शीलं न गुणो न धर्मः ।
ते मृत्युलोके भुवि भारभूता मनुष्यरूपेण मृगाश्चरन्ति ॥

*Yesham na vidya na tapo na danam Jnanam na Sheelam na guno na dharmah
Te mrityuloke bhuvi bharabhuta manusyarupena mrigasheharanti*

Those who do not possess any of the qualities like learning, aspiration, charity, wisdom, soundness of nature, goodness or piety, are animals—though they wander like human beings.

Printed by B.V. REDDI at Prasad Process Private Ltd., 188 N.S.K. Salai, Madras 600 026 (India) and published by B. VISWANATHA REDDI on behalf of CHANDAMAMA PUBLICATIONS, Chandamama Buildings, Vadapalani, Madras 600 026 (India).

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Controlling Editor :
NAGI REDDI
Founder :
CHAKRAPANI

LET US PAUSE BEFORE THE NEXT STEP

If we put a plant in a box, it cannot grow; because it has no freedom to grow. The same law applies to man. He cannot grow in his spirit and thoughts without freedom.

At the same time, freedom is likened to a hatchet. One can pave one's way forward with its help; one can also inflict wound on oneself with it—if he uses it wrongly.

What has India done with this hatchet which it got forty years ago? Let us put this question to ourselves. Let us find an honest answer within our hearts. We need not announce the answer to anybody, but we can surely take the next step in the light of the answer.

Thoughts to be Treasured

Non-violence succeeds only when we have a real living faith in God.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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NEWS FLASH



WHOSE FOOTPRINTS?

A British expedition looking for the legendary Yeti in the Himalayas saw huge footprints of some creature. "In Nepal all believe in the existence of the Yeti. That is startling. Though we did not see the creature, there must be something in it," said the spokesman of the team.

TABLA TABLA ALL THE TIME!

Chandan Chatterji of Aligarh played the Tabla non-stop for 25 hours, setting a world record.

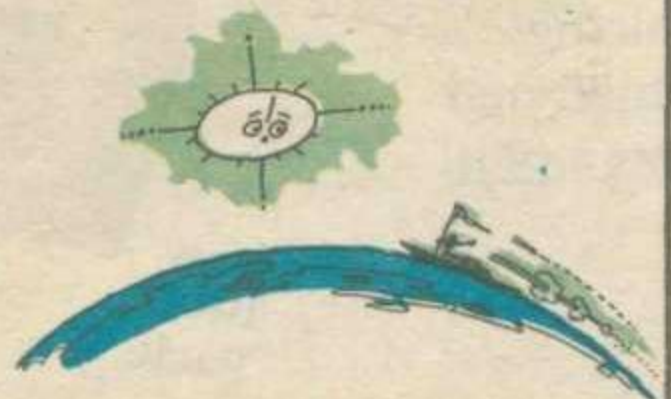


THE SPHINX UNDER TREATMENT

The mammoth figure with a human face and a lion's body which has been crouching near the pyramids close by Cairo for the past 4,600 years, is sick. There are numerous cracks in its body. Treatment in a massive scale is about to begin.

AROUND THE WORLD

Miss Cottee of Sydney has just completed her journey around the world, covering 42,000 kms, non-stop and all alone, in a small boat. She took 189 days to do it and she is the first woman to be credited with such an achievement.



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something sweet can go to
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STORY OF

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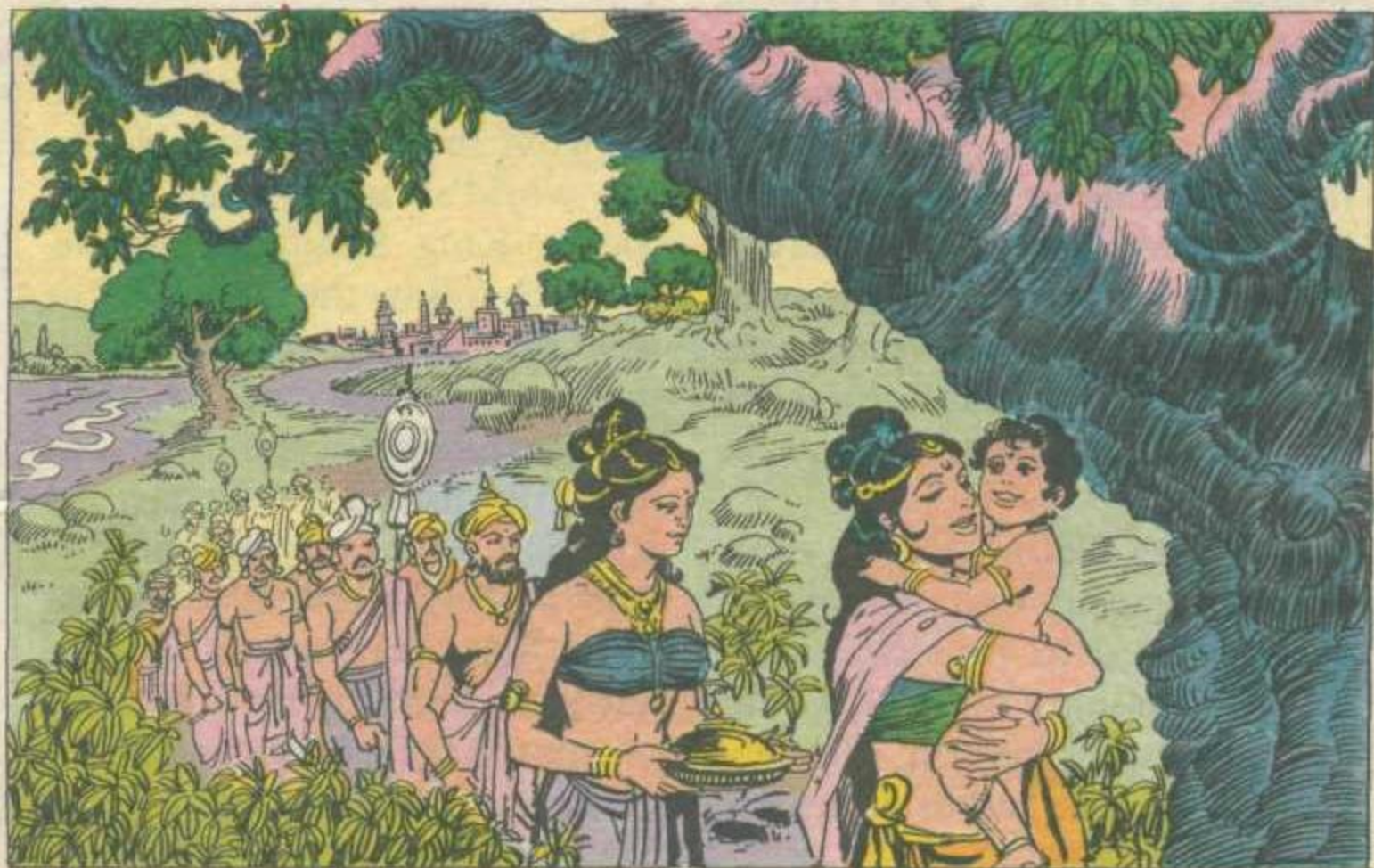
—By Manoj Das

(The son born to King Siddhodhana of Kapilavastu was named Siddhartha. The infant prince's mother died, leaving the child to her sister.)

THE WORLD BEYOND THE COSY CASTLE

Since the king knew that the one to be born as his son was a great soul, he gave all his attention to the child. And because the child had lost his mother, the younger queen, Mahaprajapati, took great care to see that the child did not lack anything.

Kapilavastu on the river Rohini was a charming place. The river bank was lined with trees. The queen took the child in her arms and, surrounded by a number of obedient maids, walked along the promenade during the cool hours when the sun set. They were followed by





alert royal bodyguards.

The little prince looked with wonder at the green world around him throbbing with life and love. He learnt to smile.

"My lord, you must see to it that the smile never deserts the lips of the prince," one day a great astrologer confided to the king. "The day he wakes up to the sorrows and sufferings of man, he will forsake the royal abode."

The king did not forget, even for a moment, that the prince was destined to be extraordinary. At the same time, he would not like to see his son, growing great in a way other than the

royal way. He should be great—but only a great monarch. The king grew anxious and sought the astrologer's help to prevent the prince from knowing the sorrows and sufferings of man.

The astrologer convened a meeting of wise scholars. They discussed the problem for long. At last the solution they suggested to the king was not very different from what the king would have found out if left to himself! "Let the prince know nothing but happiness and see nothing but joyous scenes. Particularly, he should not see people bent with extreme age, the sick, the dead and the ascetic!"

Those were the times when a king over a small territory could do what may be impossible for the world's richest man to do today. King Suddhodhana decided to follow the advice of the wise men to the letter. Craftsmen were employed to make attractive toys for the prince; he was transferred from one jewelled swing to another by ever-smiling damsels attending upon him. Dance and song he never lacked. In fact, life was presented before him as nothing other than laughter and music

and delicious dishes.

Joy greeted him wherever he toddled up; loving arms were ready to lift him up whenever he was tired. Thus grew up Prince Siddhartha.

On a certain day every year, Kapilavastu and the neighbouring kingdoms performed a ceremony relating to the land. That day the king himself ploughed a field, followed by the nobility. Needless to say, the king drove no ordinary plough, but a golden one. The noblemen drove ploughs coated with silver. A large number of people gathered around the field to

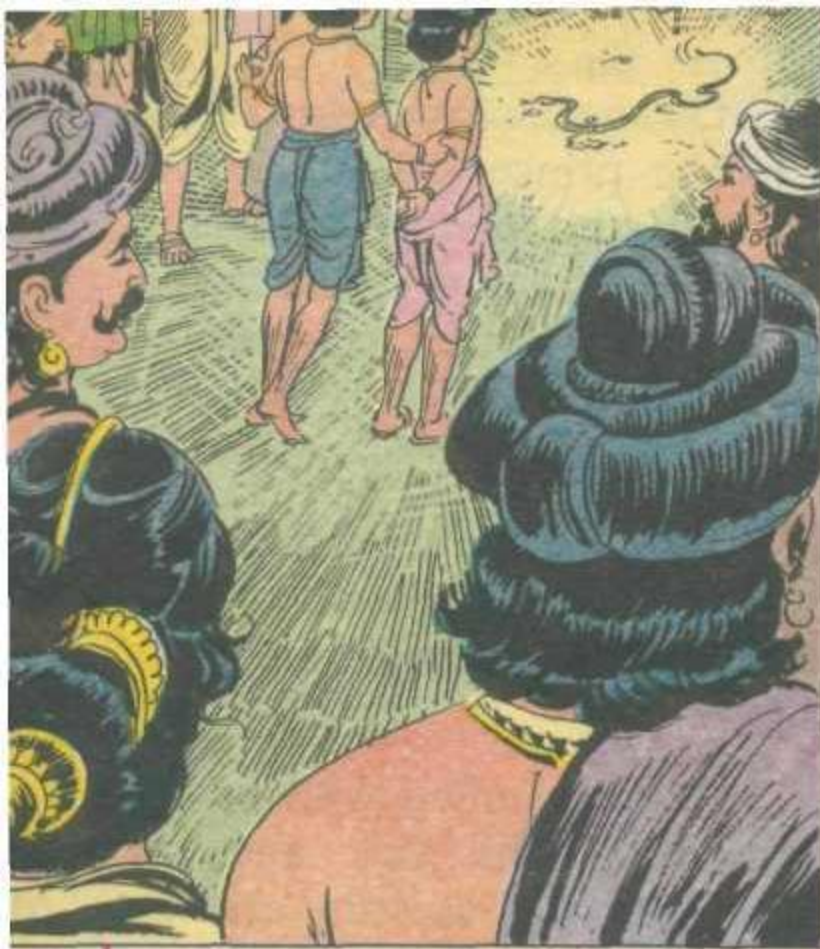
witness the event.

"It is an auspicious day today. Let the prince see the joyous crowd. And people who murmur that they never get a chance to see their future king will be satisfied," the king told the queen.

"But..." the queen said haltingly, "there will be all sorts of people in the crowd, am I not right?"

The king smiled with understanding. "The sick and the dead and the ascetics are not expected to be there. We should not of course stop some very old people, if they like to witness





the ceremony, from coming to the field. But we have so arranged that the prince will take seat on a spot which will be far from the motley crowd. He will be surrounded by the children of our courtiers and his attention will go directly to the ceremony. He shall see nothing which is undesirable," said the king confidently.

The prince, accompanied by some boys who, though young, were grown up enough to take care of the prince, reached the field riding a chariot. There were jubilation in the crowd. Alert officials guided the prince to the special seat placed for

him under a tree. His companions stood behind and beside him.

The ceremony started with the blowing of conchshells and other auspicious music. The king ploughed the land with his dazzling golden plough. The noblemen followed suit with their silver ploughs. Priests chanted hymns and the crowd raised slogans praising the king.

The ceremony had just ended when there was a commotion amidst the crowd. That was not far from the prince's seat. "Kill it! Kill it! Yes, yes, give a crashing blow on its hood!" several voices were heard shouting similar words.

The prince stood up surprised. It was not easy for anybody but the king to stop the prince from doing what he liked. He headed towards the centre of the commotion, followed by his companions.

The crowd parted allowing him a full view of the scene. There lay a snake amidst patches of blood. It was dying, but it was still beating its tail on the ground, as if in a desperate protest against the treatment to which it had been subjected.

The prince looked at it with horror. "What is this?" he asked one of his companions.

"A snake," replied the boy. "Why was it thrashed like this?"

"So that it would die."

The prince looked in wonder at the older boy. He did not understand what the boy meant.

"Look there, no longer does its tail beat on the ground. Now the snake is dead. That is to say, life has left it. In a few hours its body shall begin to rot!" said the boy.

"But why was it subjected to death?" asked the prince.

"It was poisonous. Had it bitten a man, the man would have died."

"Had it bitten anyone?"

"No. But they feared it might!"

The senior minister pushed his way to the spot and implored the prince to climb the chariot. "The ceremony is over, O Prince, you should be back at the palace," he said.

In silence the prince climbed the chariot. He saw some people dragging the dead snake away towards a pit.

"How did you enjoy the ceremony, my child?" asked the





queen taking the prince into her arms.

The prince cast a blank look at her, but did not speak. Despite all the precautions taken by the king, he had suddenly come to know about several things—death, poison, violence and what was worse—fear!

“You must relax, my son! Long exposure to heat has tired you,” said the queen laying the prince on a luxurious divan in her apartment. Then she went out.

A little later, when she came back, the prince was not there on the divan; nor was he found anywhere else in the apartment. Servants looked for him all over the palace, but he was not to be

seen.

The king who was in the court was informed about it. After a hurried search of the palace, he ran into the garden. His intuition proved correct. The prince sat under a tree, his eyes closed.

Courtiers and servants who were rushing towards the prince were checked by him. Then he alone tiptoed close to the meditative prince and remained standing before him.

King Siddhodhana was an intelligent and well-informed man. He understood that the prince was in a trance. He signed others to leave the place and stood there alone for the prince to open his eyes.

—To continue

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MORE ABOUT INJURIES

by Dr. R. Jagannath

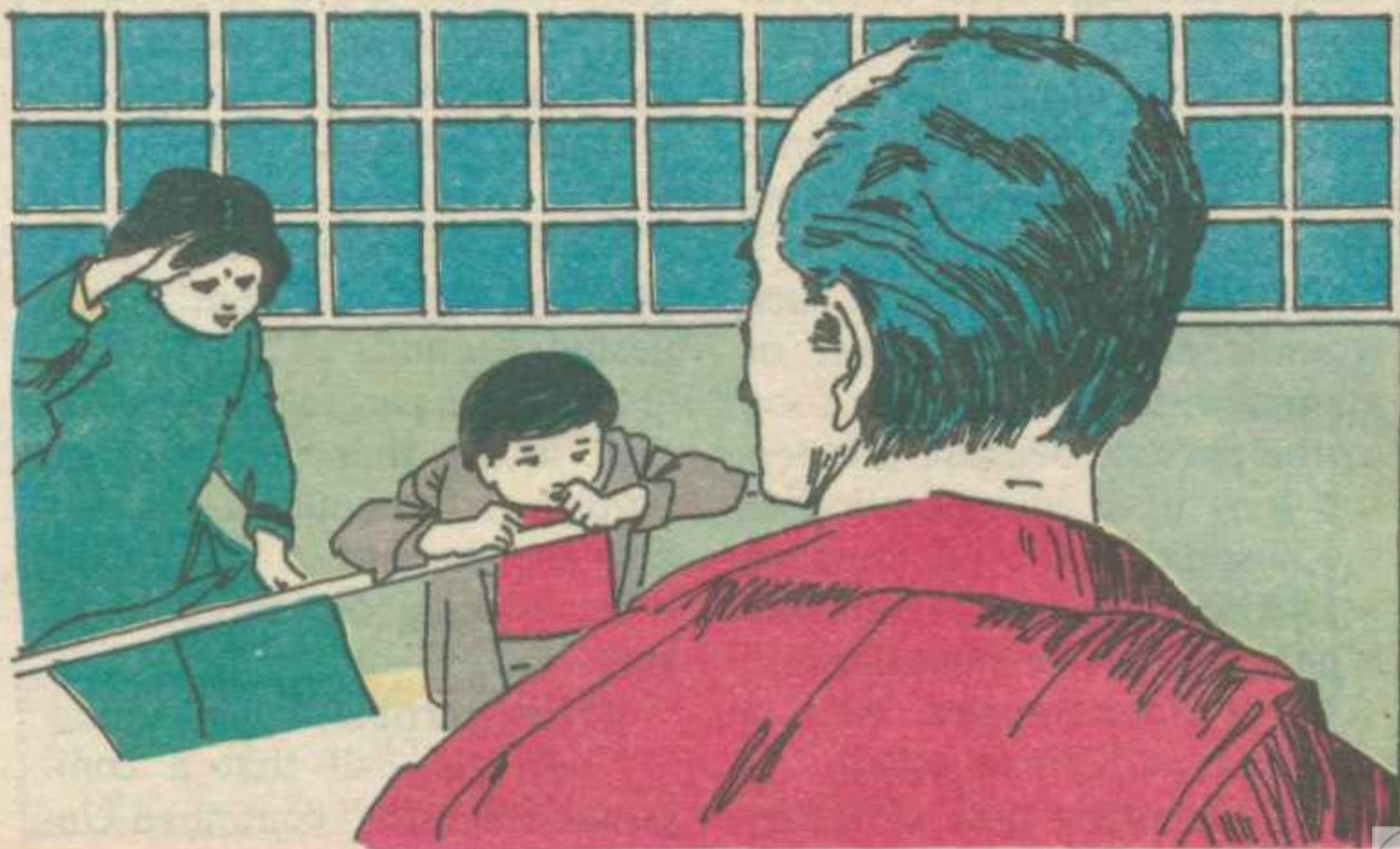
Kumud and Vinod had taken their dinner and were waiting for Uncle Ram to join them and continue the teaching of first aid.

Uncle Ram arrived soon and sat beside them. "Today we shall see about injuries to some particular parts of the body. Do you remember my having told you about a type of injury that may look simple on the surface but may be quite dangerous?" he asked.

Kumud remembered. "Penet-

rating injuries, Uncle?" she asked.

"Yes," said Uncle. "Penetrating injuries can be dangerous, especially in certain locations like the eye, chest, and abdomen. If you come across such an injury, and find the penetrating object still sticking in the body, do not try to remove it. If necessary, put some padding around the object and bandage it without moving the object. Send the victim to a doctor, who will remove the





object and clean the wound.”

He resumed after a pause: “If the penetrating object has been removed and a hole remains, immediately cover the wound with a large piece of sterile gauze. Then put some padding of cotton or clean soft cloth on it and bandage it firmly. If such wounds are on the chest or abdomen, do not give any food to the person, because the person may need an operation at the hospital, and a full stomach would be a risk to a person who is going to receive anaesthesia.”

Uncle Ram stopped. After a short pause Kumud asked, “Is there any other type of injury

which we should learn about, Uncle?”

“Yes, you should learn about injuries to bones. Do you know what a fracture is?” Uncle Ram asked.

“When a bone is broken it is called a fracture,” replied Kumud.

“Very good,” Uncle Ram nodded in appreciation. “Now, can you tell me how to know when a bone is broken?”

“It must be painful, I am sure,” said Vinod thoughtfully.

“Yes, certainly,” said Uncle Ram with a smile. “That is the commonest sign of a fracture. It is painful, especially if the person tries to move the injured part or takes weight on it, say, by walking. Can you recognise a fracture through any other way?”

“The broken part may perhaps look different!” suggested Kumud.

“Yes, the part may look different in its shape—it may be deformed. Sometimes we may also see the end of the broken bone sticking out through the skin.”

“How terrible,” said Vinod.

“Yes, we call that a compound fracture,” continued Un-

cle, giving Vinod a pat on the back. "Sometimes the victim might have felt or heard the snap of the breaking bone, and he will then tell you himself that he has broken a bone. Thus, one may suspect the presence of a fracture by what the victim says about the nature of the injury or by the presence of severe pain or deformity. With compound fractures of course, there is no room for any doubt. But there may be some cases, where one cannot be certain whether there is a fracture or not. In all such cases, when there is a possibility that a bone may be broken, it is safer for a

first-aider to treat it as if the bone is broken."

What do we do when we suspect a broken bone, Uncle?" asked Vinod.

"While helping the victim of a fracture, the first-aider must try to ensure that the broken ends of the bone do not move from each other. He must constantly keep this in mind and be extremely gentle and careful while bandaging or moving the victim. If it is a compound fracture, simply cover it with sterile gauze and gently bandage it. Never try to put back the broken ends into place. Leave that, and even the cleaning of the wound to the



doctor.”

“In order to prevent the broken ends of the bone from moving, we fix the whole length of the bone to something rigid that will not bend. It may be anything available nearby, such as a plank of board, a piece of wood, a stick or even a sheaf of newspapers folded to a fairly rigid form. Such a rigid object used to fix the broken bone, so that its ends do not move, is called a splint. To be really effective, a splint should extend through the whole length of the broken bone and include the joints at either end of the bone. For instance, if the upper arm is broken, the splint must extend from the shoulder joint to the elbow, so that these joints do not move. There should be no movement between the broken parts of the bone.”

“The splint should be bound tightly; am I right?” asked Vinod.

When a splint is used, it should be bound to the part firmly, but not so tight that the blood supply to the part is affected. Also, when the splint is in contact with parts of the body that are bony and unpadded, we must put some padding of cotton or soft cloth between that part and the splint. Is it clear?”

The children looked satisfied with their lesson.

“Well children, that’s enough for today,” Uncle Ram rose from his seat. “In the next session I shall tell you how to deal with fractures in some particular parts of the body and also about how we should carry a person with fractures.”





LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

WHO PROVIDES?

The great Shivaji was supervising the construction of a castle on a hill. A thousand labourers were working on the site.

Samarth Ramdas, the sage, was the guru of Shivaji. However busy Shivaji might be, he made it a point to pay visits to his guru from time to time.

But the castle under construction fascinated Shivaji. He camped at the foot of the hill and watched the progress of the work with keen interest. For a period of time he forgot everything else.

His guru, Samarth Ramdas, was living nearby. Shivaji planned to go to him almost every day, but something or the other connected with the castle prevented him from doing so.

One morning suddenly the guru appeared on the site. Shivaji prostrated himself to the

guru and was very happy that the guru saw the magnificent work being done by him. "Sir, there are a thousand labourers at work. I am providing them with their livelihood. There are also architects, engineers and masons. They too are being provided for by me," he informed the guru while showing him around.

The guru smiled, but said nothing.

A little later, taking a turn at the corner of the parapet wall, the guru exclaimed, "Shivaji, did you say that only a thousand labourers and some other people were being provided for by you?"

"Yes, sir, that is what I said."

"How you underestimate your power and generosity! Look here; what do you see?" asked the guru, pointing at two

slabs of stone on the wall. Between the slabs sat a frog, licking the water the labourers had poured on the wall in the making.

"The frog too is sustained by you. And look at that procession of thousands of ants heading towards the cementing stuff mixed with sweet jaggery. They too are being sustained by you. And do you see those dogs and crows? They are thriving on the left-overs from the kitchen you have opened for your workers. In other words, you are sustaining all—all the creatures around!" observed the guru.

Shivaji stood, his head hung in embarrassment.

"Very well, now let me go," said Samarth Ramdas, and he turned to go.

"Wait a minute, Guruji, I will go with you," said Shivaji in

great earnest.

"How? Are you not shouldering the burden of sustaining innumerable creatures—men, animals, birds and insects? How can you set your burden down even for a moment?" asked the sage.

"Sir, you have opened my eyes. I had been a fool to think that I was sustaining those workers. There is the universal power to sustain all. We human beings only meddle with things. My ego had blinded me. All those workers are sustained by their own strength, by God within them and outside them—just as those numerous other creatures are sustained," said Shivaji.

The guru smiled and embraced his dear disciple—a hero in the battlefield and also heroic in admitting a mistake.





THE NEW GENERAL

For a long time enmity prevailed between the two neighbouring kingdoms — Chandrapur and Chakragiri. At times the enmity burst into battles.

The old king of Chandrapur died and his son ascended the throne. The new king was keen to put an end to the unnecessary skirmishes between the two kingdoms. He believed that whatever problems were there between the two kingdoms, could be solved through negotiations. He sent messages of goodwill to the king of Chakragiri.

But far from responding to the messages positively, the king of Chakragiri suddenly sent his army to invade Chandrapur. He was under the impression that the new king was weak and it will be easy to conquer Chandrapur.

But his dream proved false. The king, the general and the common

people of Chandrapur fought valiantly. The king of Chakragiri was killed. His kingdom was annexed by Chandrapur.

But while fighting, Shaktiverma, the general of the army of Chandrapur was wounded in his right leg. He became an invalid.

"My lord, you must appoint a new general," he told the king. "You and the minister should decide who should succeed you," the king told Shaktiverma.

Ten able young men were selected from the army. After subjecting them to a number of contests and trials, two were chosen for the final round. They were Jay and Vijay.

Shaktiverma told the minister, "These two young men are equally gifted in everything. But, unfortunately, both are so soft-spoken and gentle in manners that I wonder if they can ever order the

army in a commanding tone."

"Let us see," said the minister. Then he confided to Shaktiverma a plan he had in his mind.

Accordingly Jay was instructed to report at the old general's office in the morning and then proceed to meet the minister. Vijay too was given the same instruction. But the two were given different times.

Next day, as soon as Jay met the minister, the latter said, "Come on, Vijay, you have been chosen for the post. The king wishes that you will prove yourself as capable as our retiring general."

"Sir, my name is not Vijay, but Jay," said Jay anxiously.

"Is that so? The general's clerk sent me word that the young man who was coming to meet me was the new general and that his name is Vijay!" said the minister.

"There must be some error somewhere. Let me go and bring

the clerk here," said Jay as he went away.

Soon thereafter Vijay met the minister.

"Hello, Jay, you are our new general from this very moment. The king wishes you to be as capable as our retiring general," said the minister.

"Minister, Sir, I am not Jay, but Vijay. The general's clerk said that I, Vijay, am the new general. Perhaps you heard Jay for Vijay," said Vijay. Then, turning towards a soldier, he said in a commanding tone, "Go and fetch the clerk. Tell him that it is the new general's instruction."

"That is all right, Vijay, it was my slip of tongue. You are the new general," said the smiling minister.

Later he told the old general, Shaktiverma, "Vijay knows how to adjust his speech and tone according to the demand of position".





Based on a Chinese tale

A VOYAGE OF LUCK

Ben's father was a money-lender, but after his father's death Ben did not know how to carry on the family business. He was a boy rather innocent in nature. His father used to write down the names of the people who borrowed money from him along with the amount they took, in a notebook. But when Ben followed the notebook and went round in a bid to recover the amounts borrowed by different people, most of them said that they had already settled their accounts with his father!

Those who admitted to having owed his father any money, only promised to pay, but did not pay.

Ben did not know what to do. Soon he had nothing to eat. Luckily for him, nobody depended on him, his mother hav-

ing died earlier and he being the only child of his parents. He took to roaming about in the forest. He satisfied his hunger by eating whatever fruits he got.

One day he got nothing even in the forest. He was very hungry. At last he located a solitary orange hanging from the top-most branch of a tree. He plucked it and was about to eat it when his eyes fell on an old man, seated under another tree, looking at him wistfully.

"Can I help you?" Ben asked.

"Yes, if you can sacrifice that orange for me," said the man who looked like a hermit. "In fact, I am dying. I shall die even if you give me your orange, but I can die at least with some satisfaction," he added.

Ben peeled the orange for the old man who ate it with great



relish.

"It will take you very far, my boy," said the old man.

"What will take me far, please?" asked Ben.

"This orange that you gave me," replied the old man.

Ben thought that the old man did not know what he was saying. How can an orange which had been eaten take him anywhere?

He moved away in search of some other fruit. He did not find any. He was tired. Soon he found a deserted hut and lay down inside it. Sleep overtook him. He dreamt that an orange was jumping like a ball in front

of him. He was following it. The orange went forth and jumped into the sea. He continued to chase it on the waters. Suddenly he found himself riding a huge tortoise. It was bringing him back to the shore he had left. The tortoise reached the shore and entered a castle. Ben too entered it, seated on the tortoise.

Ben's sleep terminated. Though hungry, he was no longer tired. He began walking and soon reached the end of the forest. There he saw some people cleaning an orchard and pruning the trees. They were throwing away some wild oranges which grew in abundance, much more than they would care to gather.

Ben helped them in their work and in exchange asked them to give him some bamboo containers. He collected the oranges thrown away by them in the containers and carried them to the port which was nearby.

A ship was about to sail for some distant islands. Ben asked the master of the ship who was a merchant to let him board it. The merchant laughed when Ben showed him his merchan-



dise, which were wild oranges. But it turned out that Ben's father was known to him. He let Ben board his ship, but said, "You can come only up to our first destination. If you can make any money, then you can be with us till the next destination."

The very first island they reached the next week was a prosperous kingdom. No sooner had the ship touched the island than the king's men met the merchant and asked him if by any chance he had in his ship any oranges. "Our king is seriously ill. The physician can save him only if he gets some oranges. He can prepare the necessary medicine."

The merchant was surprised and happy. He called Ben and told him how lucky he was. Ben supplied the oranges to the king's men and received a thousand gold coins as reward.

Needless to say, Ben was allowed to accompany the merchant till the next and the final destination of the ship which was a big town.

"Why don't you buy something here which you can sell at home?" the merchant and the



others told Ben. But Ben showed no inclination to buy anything. He spent his time freely wandering here and there.

On the last day of their stay near the town Ben suddenly saw an unusual stuff—the shell of a giant tortoise lying near a lake. He dragged it aboard the ship.

"Are you crazy, Ben? What will you do with a tortoise shell?" asked the merchant.

"I don't know. But I have a feeling that it will carry me far just as the orange did," said Ben.

The ship began its homeward journey. But a storm obliged



the merchant to take to a diversion. They reached another port.

The port was the capital of a king. He welcomed the merchant and his party and treated them to a dinner. He also asked the merchant for a list of precious things he had which he would like to sell.

The king visited the ship the next day. The merchant gave him the list of valuable items he had in the ship. The king read the list. Suddenly his eyes fell on the tortoise shell. He looked at the list again and then looked at the shell.

"Why is this not enlisted?" he asked the merchant with great surprise.

The merchant faltered in his speech, because he never thought it to be of any worth.

"I understand. You thought that I may not be in a position to buy the costliest thing you have! Maybe, you have promised it to some other buyer," said the king. He went near the shell and examined it. "Yes, I know, it is the giant tortoise shell which contains gems inside. How much do you expect for it? Will twentyfive thousand gold coins do?" the king asked.

The merchant looked at Ben. Both remained speechless.

"I understand. You expect more. All right. I will pay forty thousand. I cannot pay more and I'm sure, the price I quote is quite just," said the king.

"Very well, your Majesty," said the merchant.

So, Ben returned home a rich man. He built a palatial house and knew the meaning of his dream.



THE TWO TURBANS



One morning the king rode towards a place where a festival was on. He was accompanied by Tenali Rama on a horse. They were followed by some other courtiers.

"Rama! What a wretched old turban you wear!" commented the king. "I will pay you for it if you give it up."



"Impossible!" shouted the king. "I will give you a hundred gold coins if you can prove what you say. What can you do with that tattered stuff?"



"My lord, I will obey you, but you can take it from me that I can do with my turban what you can never do with yours!" said Tenali Rama.



As they walked, they came close to a river. Because of flood the river was full and the current was swift. They entered a bridge.



"My lord, look what I can do with my turban!" announced Tenali Rama. Taking it off his head, he threw it into the river. "Can you do so with your turban?" he asked the king.

The king was amused. "You're right, Rama, I cannot do with my bejewelled turban what you could do with your turban. You will get your reward," said the king.



"My lord, while proving my point, I have also obeyed you. I have given up my old turban," said Tenali Rama. "Of course, you'll be paid to get a new one too!" said the king.

A STRANGE MEETING

A group of pilgrims were on their way to a holy place. Two young men joined them. All walked in silence.

After a while one young man asked the other, "Where do you come from?"
"I come from Bilalpur," replied the second young man.

"How fine! I too come from Bilalpur. In which sector of the town do you live?"

"In the eastern sector."

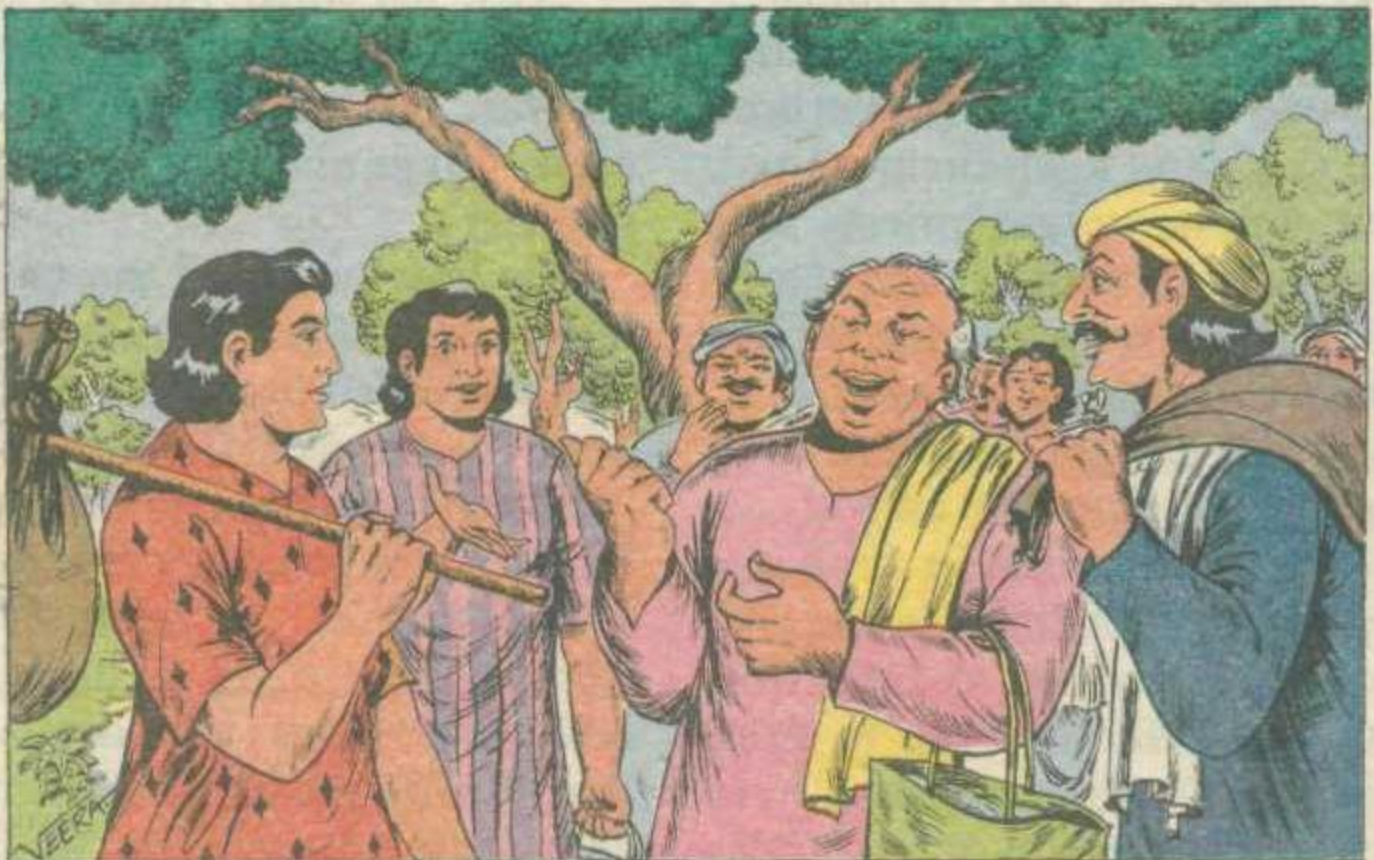
"How wonderful! I too live in the eastern sector. Where exactly is your house?" the first young man persisted in his query.

"Mine is the third house to the left of the Siva temple," replied the second young man.

"What a pleasant discovery! I too live in the third house to the left of the Siva temple!" exclaimed the first young man.

The other pilgrims were surprised. One of them asked, "Both of you live in the same town, in the same sector and in the same house! And yet you did not know each other?"

The two young men laughed. Then one of them explained, "We are two brothers. Since the journey is monotonous, we should speak, shouldn't we?"





A MATTER OF ONE PLUS ONE!

Among the people of Bhojnar some were devotees of Lord Vishnu while some were devotees of Lord Siva. Often they quarrelled.

The king built two beautiful temples, one for Vishnu and the other for Siva, on two sides of a lake. Then he told his minister, "The purpose of our building the two temples is to please both the sects and keep them united. But unless we get priests who are good-natured to take charge of the two temples, the priests themselves might quarrel!"

"That is right, my lord. We should appoint one man to act as the chief priest in both the temples. A qualified priest who can offer worship to Lord Siva can also offer worship to Lord Vishnu. Those priests who have made a true study of the Vedas know fully well that God is one.

We know different aspects of Him by different names. The ignorant fight among themselves in the names of different gods," said the minister.

"Do you know any priest who can manage both the temples?" asked the king.

"Yes, my lord. There is Sivram Joshi. He is not only a great scholar, but also a highly efficient organiser," said the minister.

The king accepted the minister's suggestion. Sivram Joshi was appointed the chief priest of both the temples. To the king's pleasant surprise, not only the temples ran smoothly but also, at the end of the year, Joshi showed such a big amount of collection from the devotees that it was possible to open a charitable dispensary and a school with that fund.

One day the king desired to watch Joshi's conduct. He donned the disguise of a merchant and mixed with a hundred and odd devotees who were resting in a hall built on the lake. Joshi came and talked to the devotees in a charming way. Although the king had put on disguise, Joshi understood from the bejewelled rings on his fingers that he was a wealthy man. He led the king into the temples and explained the rituals to him. The king was deeply impressed. He wrote on a piece of paper the number '100' and showed it to Joshi. "This is the amount of coins I wish to offer to the temple fund. Is it all right?" he asked.

Joshi smiled and said, "What a devotee will offer to the Deities is a private matter between himself and the Deities.

Since you asked me, I have of course to say something. I suggest that you add just '1' to the number.

The king added '1' and the number became one thousand and one. "Is it all right now?" he asked Joshi.


"Again you asked me, sir! Since you asked me, I have to say something. Well, you added '1' to the right of the original number. To your right is situated the Vishnu temple. How will Siva feel unless you add another '1' at the left of the number?"

The king added another '1' to the left of the number. It now becomes eleven thousand and one!

Back in the palace, the king told his minister, "Joshi is an efficient man indeed!"



HIGHEST



THE HIGHEST EXTINCT VOLCANO IN THE WORLD IS ACONCAGUA IN ARGENTINA. AT 22,834 FT (6,960M) IT IS ALSO THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

GLIDING MARSUPIAL



THE GREAT GLIDER PHALANGER IS A MARSUPIAL

THAT HAS MASTERED THE AIR. BY EXTENDING THE LOOSE SKIN BETWEEN ITS FRONT AND HIND LEGS IT IS ABLE TO GLIDE LONG DISTANCES FROM HIGH VANTAGE POINTS.

MUDDIEST RIVER

CHINA'S YELLOW RIVER IS CLAIMED TO BE THE WORLD'S MUDDIEST RIVER. IT GETS ITS NAME FROM THE EASILY ERODED YELLOWISH SILT IT FLOWS THROUGH.



TRIPLE NATIONAL WINNER



THE ONLY HORSE TO WIN THE GRAND NATIONAL THREE TIMES IS RED RUM—IN 1973, 74 AND 1977. HE ALSO CAME SECOND IN 1975 AND 1976.



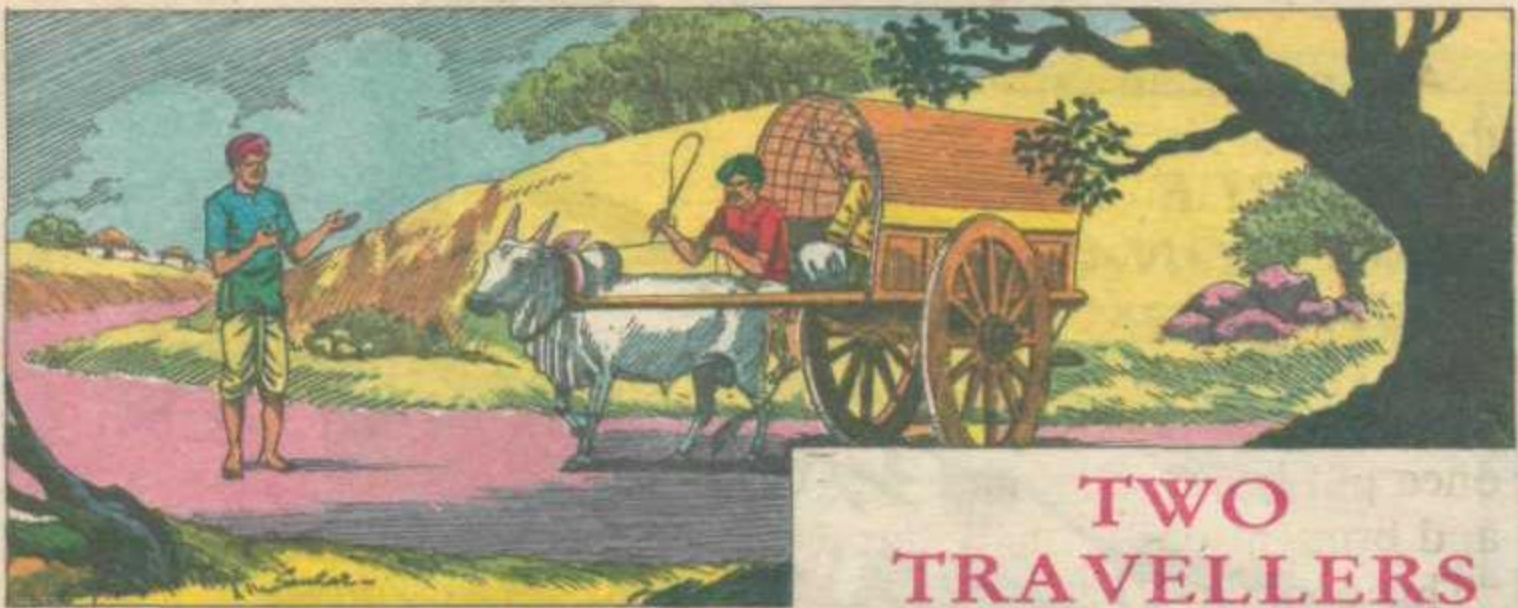
SKI-BOBBING

SKI-BOBBING EXPERTS CAN EXCEED 100 MPH. THE OFFICIAL WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS HAVE BEEN HELD BIENNIALY SINCE 1967 WITH SOME 20 NATIONS TAKING PART



First International...

THE FIRST OFFICIAL FOOTBALL INTERNATIONAL TOOK PLACE IN 1872 BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND. THE RESULT WAS A GOAL-LESS DRAW.



TWO TRAVELLERS

Padmanabh was returning to his village from the town in a bullock-cart. Someone stopped him on the way and said, "Sir, are you likely to pass through Mukundpur?"

"Yes. Why?" asked Padmanabh.

"I belong to Mukundpur. If you allow me, I will board the cart. I like walking. But today I feel tired," said the traveller.

Padmanabh felt that he had seen the man earlier, but he could not recollect where. It would be good to have a companion; he can pass time talking to him; thought Padmanabh. He asked the traveller to get into the cart.

They began talking. Padmanabh learnt that the traveller's name was Vijay.

On the way two or three beggars prayed to them for

alms. Padmanabh obliged each of them by giving them some change. Vijay, however, sat unmoved.

"It is the duty of every householder to spend a part of his income in giving alms," Padmanabh observed.

"I agree. But I don't have change with me," said Vijay. Padmanabh, however, concluded that Vijay was a miser. His not having change was a mere plea.

The carter suddenly brought the cart to a halt. He hopped down and examined one of the wheels. He found that a nail had come loose. He moved the cart to a side of the road and hurried to the village at hand to get a hammer.

Padmanabh and Vijay walked to the shadow of a tree, chatting.

An old man approached them. "Sirs, I have gone without food for last two days. Can you give me something to eat?"

A look at the face of the old man could convince anybody that he was starving. Vijay at once put his hand in his pocket and brought out a small parcel. "This contains cashewnuts. Eat them and drink water from the well yonder," he said.

"Cashewnuts, sir? But are they not very costly? Once or twice I had eaten them in my younger days. They were generally available then. But must you sacrifice such a valuable stuff for me?" asked the old

man.

"Its value will be justified if it can satisfy your hunger to some extent. Please do not hesitate to eat the stuff," said Vijay.

The old man bowed to him and went his way. Meanwhile the carter had set the wheel right. The two companions resumed their journey.

Padmanabh smiled and said, "Now I know why your face seemed familiar to me. I saw you at the shop where you bought the cashewnuts. I too bought some cashewnuts from that shop."

"That explains why your face too had appeared familiar to



me. My daughter is big with child. She loves cashewnuts. My wife had asked me to buy some," said Vijay.

Padmanabh had realised that his impression of Vijay was wrong. Vijay was no miser.

The cart entered Mukundpur. Vijay got down and thanked Padmanabh for the lift. They had become friends. They made sure that they would meet once again.

Vijay reached home. After changing clothes, he told his wife, "I'm sorry that I could not bring cashewnuts for our daughter. In fact, I bought some, but gave them away to a hungry

man."

"Then how is this packet still in your pocket?" his wife asked, showing a packet. Indeed, it contained cashewnuts!

Vijay looked quite surprised. Soon he smiled. "I know how it came into my pocket," he said. "The gentleman who gave me a lift had also bought a packet of cashewnuts. He saw me giving my packet away. But he knew for whom I had bought the stuff. He slipped his packet into my pocket, without my knowledge."

"Well, the world has not run out of noble people," observed his wife.



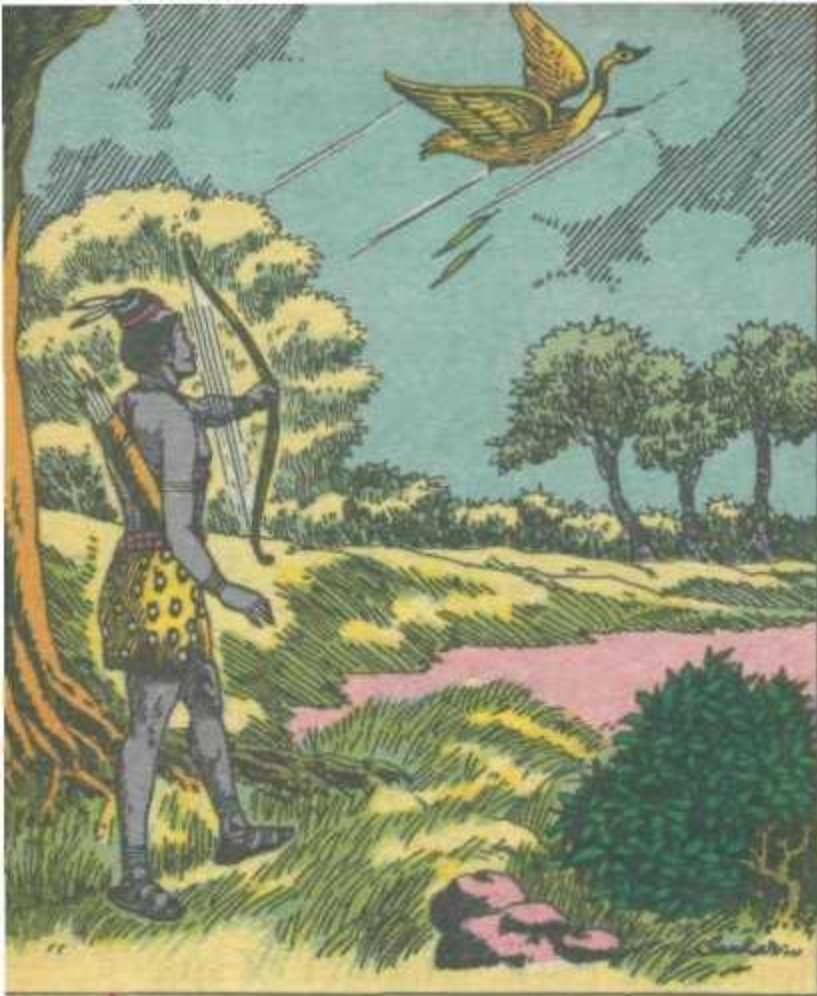
New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire

THE GOLDEN SWANS

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, are you sure that you are not running after a mirage? Sometimes it appears that you are about to lay your hands on what you wanted. But you feel obliged to take your hands off it! Let me illustrate my point with an example. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you





some relief.”

The vampire went on: This happened years ago. Close by a forest lived a hunter. The jungle abounded in beasts and birds. But one day nothing came into the range of the hunter's arrow even though he spent a long time in the forest.

He was thinking of going back home when he saw a golden swan flying by. Sunlight reflected on its wings dazzled his eyes. He had never seen anything like that.

He took aim and shot at the swan. The arrow passed right through the swan but, surprisingly, it failed to harm the swan.

It kept flying. However, a small feather of it fell down.

The hunter picked up the feather and stood appreciating its beauty. An old man who saw him asked, “Hello, hunter, what are you looking at with such keen eyes?”

“Here is a feather which fell from a flying swan. It appears to be gold!” said the hunter.

The old man examined it. His eyes bulging with wonder, he asked, “Did you really see it falling from a flying swan? This, I'm sure, is pure gold!”

“In that case the entire swan is of pure gold. It must descend somewhere on a lake. Will you accompany me? We could then look for it,” proposed the hunter.

“Let us go forth without any delay,” said the old man. The two walked as fast as they could. The old man narrated the story of his life. His father was a wealthy landlord. He had accumulated much gold and had hid them. Suddenly he fell ill. What would happen to his buried gold after his death? He grew extremely pensive. His son who was now narrating the story to

the hunter, was too young to be told the secret. His wife was a simpleton. Others could swindle her of the wealth. After brooding over the situation for a long time, the landlord inscribed the clue to the hidden wealth on a brass plate. He gave it to his wife. She was to hand it over to the boy when he grows up.

But after the landlord's death the brass plate melted in an accidental fire. The inscription was gone—and along with it the clue to the hidden wealth.

The landlord's wife died a heart-broken woman. Her son grew up. Years passed. He became old and poor. He was looking for the gold buried by his father! Had his father hidden it in the forest by any chance?

The eyes of the hunter and the old man fell on an unusual scene. They saw a fellow hanging from the branch of a tree, upside down, while a fire was burning under his head.

"Good God! How are you bearing with the fierce heat?" asked the hunter.

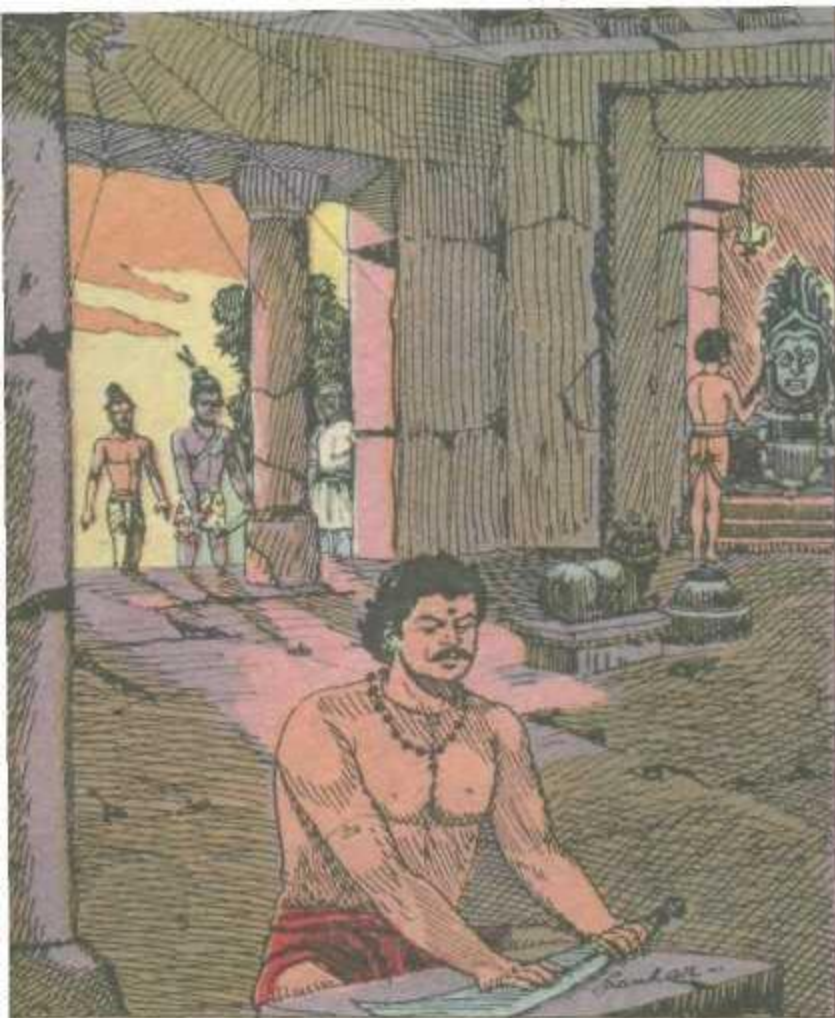
The fellow popped up on the ground and growled angrily, "You fool! Who asked you to



feel so concerned about me? I would have come to the end of my tantrik practice in a few minutes. Why did you foil my effort?"

"What benefit did you except from your practice?" asked the hunter.

"I would have known wherever gold was lying hidden. My father was the royal treasurer. Once some gold was stolen from the treasury. The king suspected my father to be the thief and dismissed him from service and insulted him. My father died of shock. Thereafter the real thief was caught. But the king never regretted his injustice towards



my father. If I get hold of a good deal of gold, I will raise an army and wage a war against that brute!" said the Tantrik.

"You should join us. We are looking for the golden swans," said the old man.

"Is that so? I must join you. I have heard that there is a lake which is the home of the golden swans. But I have neither seen a golden swan nor the lake," said the Tantrik.

"But I have seen a golden swan," reported the hunter.

"That means there are many of them. Swans always live in groups," said the Tantrik and he joined them.

Soon they came across a hut. They felt horrified at what they saw looking into it. A strong and stout man sat sharpening a sword, while reciting a certain hymn. A small boy stood in front of an idol.

They hurriedly consulted among themselves about their course of action. They then shouted together, "Beware! You must not kill the boy!"

The man was taken aback. He stood up and trembling with fear and anger, asked, "Who are you? What makes you interfere in my work? The auspicious moment for the work is about to pass. I delayed in performing the act because of my own hesitation!"

"What an act you were going to perform! Are you not ashamed of yourself? What made you decide to sacrifice this boy?" asked the hunter.

"Well, one of my sons died because I could not afford medicines for him. That is because I am poor. A Tantrik taught me a rite. Had I performed it now through a sacrifice of this boy it would have rained gold here!" said the man.

"Who is this boy?" asked the hunter.

"My son," replied the man.

"How stupid you are! Because you could not save one of your sons, must you kill another?" cried out all the three travellers.

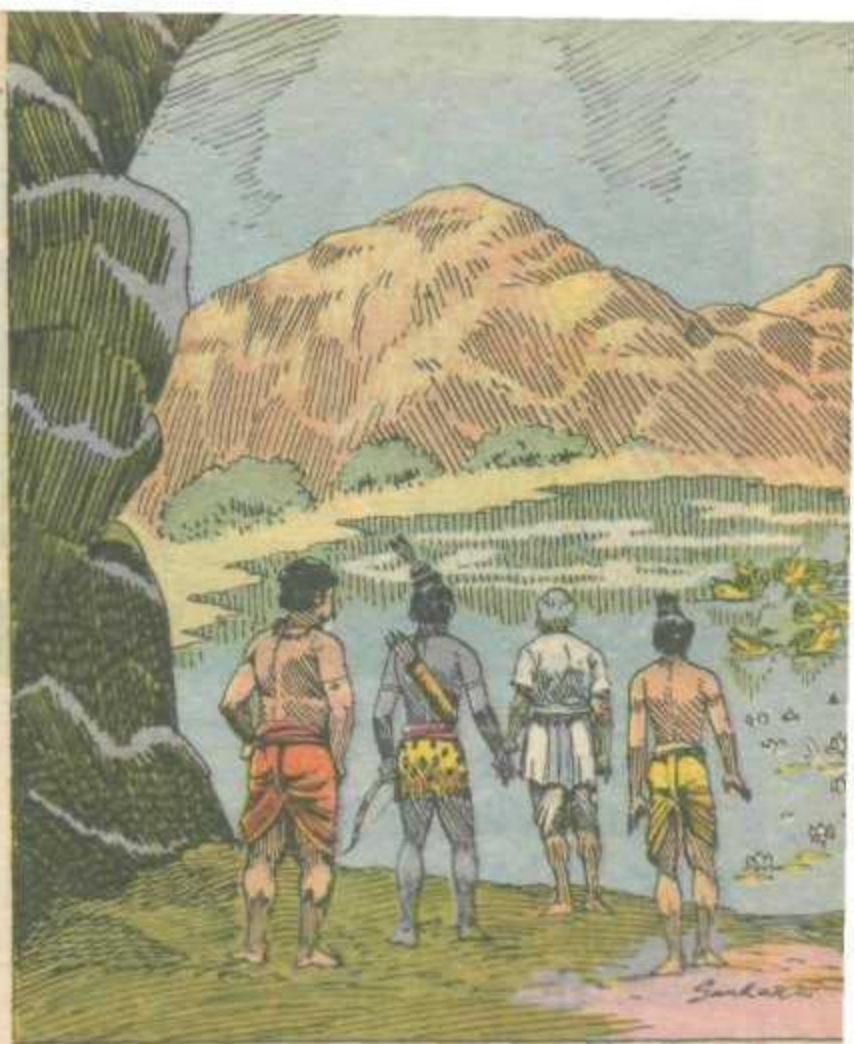
The man gave a blank look at them. He was beginning to realise how foolish he really was.

The three travellers told him all about the golden swan. "If you desire to have gold, follow us," they said. The man joined them.

They walked till the evening. Suddenly they saw some golden swans descending beyond a hill. They ran in that direction. They soon crossed over to the other side of the hill and saw a charming lake. A number of golden swans swam in the lake. One part of the lake abounded in golden lotuses.

The four travellers jumped into the lake at once. The hunter tried to catch one of the swans, but could not. Disappointed, he began swimming back towards the shore.

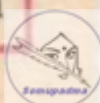
Suddenly he saw three golden swans coming towards him from the area filled with the lotuses.



As if the three swans were trying to tell him something!

The hunter managed to reach the shore and then ran towards his home.

The vampire paused for a moment. Then, in a challenging tone, he demanded of King Vikram, "O King, what happened to the three companions of the hunter? How did the hunter escape their fate? How is it that he did not try to catch the three golden swans who came swimming at him? Why did he get panicky? O King, answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll





off your neck."

King Vikram replied forthwith: "The hunter, in keeping with his habit, tried to catch a swan. He was, after all, a hunter. But the other three were seekers of gold. Hence they went to pluck the golden lotuses. Needless to say, that it was a magic lake. Whoever tried

to pluck a golden lotus, became a golden swan. The hunter was intelligent enough to understand this. He did not wish to become a swan. That explains his panic."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

THE JACKAL'S STRATEGY

Once a jackal stole some food left by a tiger in a cave. The tiger reported the matter to the king of the forest, the grand lion.

"You are to die for your crime," roared the lion after the jackal's trial. "But you are free to choose how you are to die."

"O King, I'd like to die by wrestling with a lion before a distinguished audience of tigers, elephants and lions as well as my fellow-jackals," said the jackal.

And the jackal is still moving about free. No lion is willing to wrestle with

him for fear of being laughed at by other lions. So far as the jackal is concerned, everybody would say that he died a hero's death, by challenging a lion.





THE UNEXPECTED GUEST

Rajesh bought bangles from the town and sold them to women in the villages. Every day he left his home early in the morning, carrying a parcel of food given by his wife. He opened the parcel and ate its contents at noon.

Rajesh did good business. It was because he was honest and helpful to all. His customers liked him very much.

One day Rajesh sat down under a banyan tree and ate his lunch. He deliberately left a part of his food for crows on the tree to make use of them.

But before the crows could descend on the left-overs, the one to take hold of the leaf was a demoness who had lately come to live in the tree. She had never eaten any food cooked by human beings. The delicious taste charmed her. She decided

to enter some household so that she could enjoy human food to her heart's content.

She assumed the form of a woman and sat under the same banyan tree.

Rajesh was on his way back home. He saw the woman and marked that she was weeping. It was in his nature to rush to the help of anyone who was in distress. He stopped and asked her what made her cry.

"We were pilgrims. Suddenly a gang of bandits fell on us. We ran in different directions. The bandits carried away some of the able-bodied members of our party, perhaps to make them work as their servants. I don't know what happened to my husband—and I don't know where to go!" she said.

"Don't you worry, my sister, follow me and you will find



shelter in my house. We will try to locate your husband," said Rajesh.

"But I don't wish to enjoy free hospitality. I must work in your household," she said.

"All right. You can assist my wife Manorama in her chores," said Rajesh.

"But if ever you ask me to do something which I cannot do, I will leave your house," the demoness put forth her condition.

"You will be free to do anything you like," assured Rajesh.

Rajesh led the demoness home and introduced her to his wife as a woman in distress.

Manorama received the demoness with warm sympathy.

She fed her and the demoness was very happy.

"I am going to attend a meeting of the village council. I may be late. Whoever is awake will open the door," said Rajesh, setting out for the meeting after an early dinner.

He returned soon after midnight and knocked on the door. Manorama was awake. But before she got up, she saw something strange. The woman who lay on the floor suddenly extended her hand and opened the door. A shiver ran through her spine. But she kept quiet.

Rajesh was also a bit puzzled after entering the house. It is because he saw neither his wife nor the woman anywhere near the door.

In the morning Manorama confided to her husband what she saw. He understood the situation. "We must get rid of her," he said. "I know how to go about it. The moment we ask her to do something which she cannot do, she will leave us."

He called the woman and said, "Look here, sister, I need a wall around our house. I wonder if you can do it." Rajesh was sure that the woman would get annoyed and leave his

household forthwith.

But she smiled and said, "Let me see what I can do!"

As usual, Rajesh left for selling his ware. Imagine his surprise when, upon his return, he found a well-built wall encompassing his house. Instead of making him happy, the incident only made him anxious. How then to get rid of the demoness?

Meanwhile some of the neighbours had observed the fantastic way in which an unknown woman had built a wall. They cautioned Rajesh against the woman.

A few days passed. Rajesh observed that the woman was on her guard during daytime, but at night her true nature dominated her. She forgot that she ought to conduct herself with caution.

It was night. A cat chased a

mouse. Rajesh's little son and daughter followed them. The mouse entered a hole in the backyard and thus escaped the cat.

"Now the mouse is beyond anybody's reach!" exclaimed Rajesh's daughter.

"Not so, dear, not so!" said the woman. "If I want to catch it, I can!"

"Can you? Why don't you try?" suggested Rajesh who was nearby.

At once the demoness changed herself into a mouse and leaped towards the hole and entered it. Rajesh lost no time in placing a brick on the hole and chanting a hymn which a village elder had taught him. "The demoness has now to furrow her underground way to the very tree in which she lived. She can never surface here."





A DIFFERENT BURDEN

Shyam Shastri was a true scholar. He devoted many years to a deep study of scriptures. All the great works of spirituality spoke of Truth and the need for man practising tolerance. But men fought with one another in the name of faith or religion. Hatred and violence found free play under the banners of different religions.

One day he thought, "So far I have read books which explain my own religious faith. Maybe those books which belong to other religious faiths preach hatred and violence. I must read them."

He devoted many more years to a study of the books of different religious faiths. To his pleasant surprise he realised that all the religions require their followers to rise above hatred and violence and become

better human beings. How is it that people still fought in the name of religion? Obviously people did not understand the essence of different religions.

He decided to visit different places and explain to the people that no true religion encouraged hatred and violence. As evidence, he must carry the major books of the different religions. He hired a man named Shekhar who carried the load for him.

At first he went to the nearest town and sat near the temple and spoke to the crowd which had gathered there for some ceremony. His listeners appreciated his talk. Next day he was invited by the educational academy of the town where he delivered his next talk.

He moved to the next town. There too he received much appreciation.

His fame as an orator spread. Different institutions invited him for talks. They began to pay him for his discourses. Various kinds of gifts too were heaped on him.

As this was going on, his companion, Shekhar who carried his books was found to be growing sick. Shastri bought costly tonics for him and saw to it that he got good food wherever they camped. But Shekhar was losing weight.

One day the zamindar of Ujjalsagar honoured Shastri by presenting to him a purse containing one lakh rupees. Next day the king of the land invited

him and requested him to reside with him for a month. Shastri agreed. During his stay he requested the royal physicians to examine Shekhar.

They observed and examined him thoroughly, but said that there was nothing wrong with him. "He has some mental problem, something that depresses him," they said.

Shastri was puzzled. When he set out on his journey a year ago, Shekhar was more inspired than himself. Shastri paid him regularly and Shekhar sent home his salary without any difficulty. What could depress him now?



One day the king honoured Shastri with a purse of two lakhs of rupees. Shastri was happy. He proposed to build an academy with the money. But back in his lodge he found Shekhar suffering from some pain in the heart.

"Shekhar, be frank with me. What ails you?" Shastri asked him.

"I will be frank. You see, the book from which you read out passages, the books which are the source of your popularity, are all carried by me. Yet nobody honours me, nobody rewards me with any money. Everybody praises you. Is it not sufficient to drive me crazy?" admitted Shekhar.

Shastri kept quiet for a moment and asked with a smile, "For how many hours a day do you carry the burden of the

books?"

"For an hour or two," said Shekhar.

"And even during that time, what would you do if you feel tired?" asked Shastri.

"I will set the burden on the ground!" replied Shekhar.

"Right. I carry the burden of ideas, words and knowledge all the twentyfour hours. And I cannot set them down on the ground even for a moment. Do you realise my condition?" asked Shastri.

Shekhar looked at him with amazement. Soon he smiled. He was a good man. He understood.

Thereafter whenever Shekhar sets his burden on the ground, he tells himself, "What a pity that my master can never set his burden down!"





CLASSIC STORIES OF INDIA

THE GOLDEN ANKLET

(2)

(Story so far) : Kovalan the merchant prince of Poompuhar, married Kanna-ki, the daughter of a ship-owner. In the same city lived Madhavi who had mastered the art of dancing to perfection. She gave her first performance before the king and the nobility.

Madhavi kept the audience captivated with her performance. When she stopped, the spectators broke into a prolonged applause and shouts of congratulations.



The king honoured Madhavi with a garland of green leaves and one thousand gold pieces. Such rewards were given personally by the king only to artistes of exceptional merit. Madhavi was delighted.



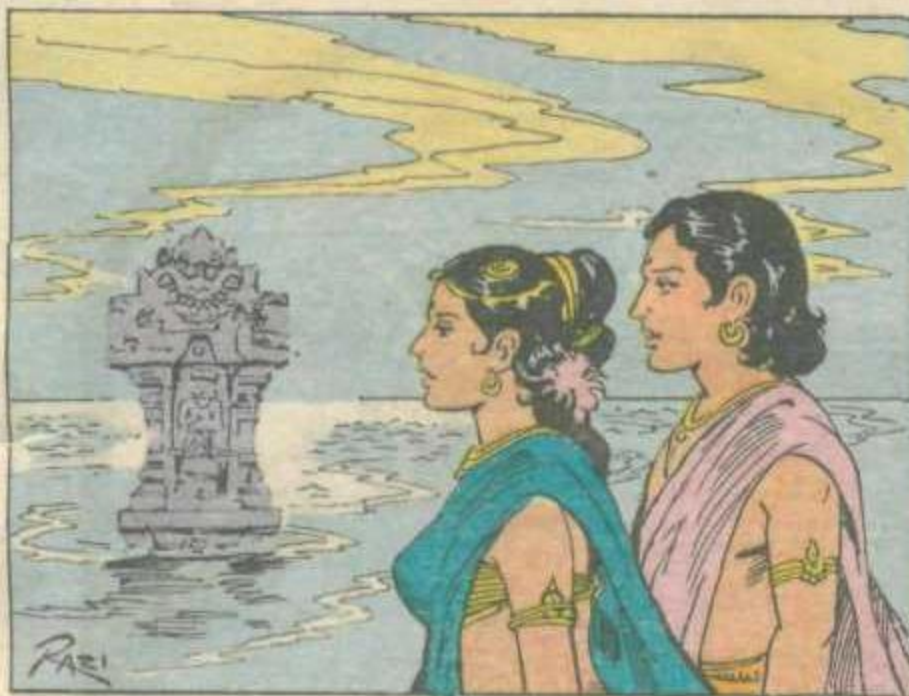
As was the custom with the professional dancing girls and courtesans, Madhavi asked her maid to take position on a square by which the wealthy returned home at night, holding the garland in her hand.

Whoever will buy the garland for a thousand gold pieces, will become Madhavi's master. He will enjoy her dances and songs for his exclusive delight. Kovalan, who had been enamoured by the danseuse, buys it.



Kovalan follows the maid and is face to face with the beautiful Madhavi. She receives him with great respect. She sang for him and spoke to him many sweet words. Kovalan became charmed.

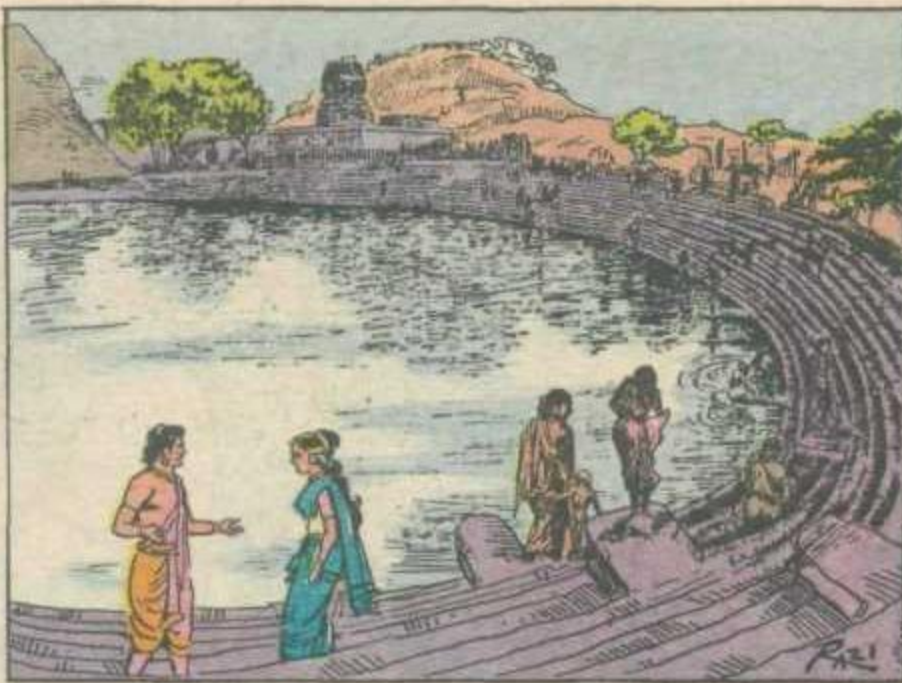
Kovalan had visited Madhavi led by an impulse. But soon he found himself deeply in love with her. Madhavi treated him as her husband. She had attraction for none but Kovalan. They spent their time forgetful of everything else.



In the great joy they found in each other's company, they roamed about in the city like curious strangers. Poompuhar had many a wonder to offer. There was a magic pillar. Walking round it with devotion, people who were snake-bitten or possessed or mad got instant relief.

On a lonely square stood a strange statue. Whenever the king did anything unjust, knowingly or unknowingly, the statue shed tears. Thereby the king and the people knew when an injustice had been done. The king was always on alert.





There was a miraculous pool. By bathing in it, the sick was cured, the deaf got back his hearing and the mute could speak. Leisurely Kovalan and Madhavi spent their time watching the marvels. Kovalan spent his money in providing luxury for both of them.

At night cool breeze blew over the city overlooked by ships from Greece and other countries lying in anchor. Light glimmered from the fishing vessels of numerous local fishermen. Kovalan and Madhavi stood on their balcony and enjoyed the scene.



While Kovalan and Madhavi were having a fine time, Kannaki was silently suffering within herself. She never complained about her husband's conduct to anybody. She sold her jewellery and maintained her household.

—To Continue



THE STRANGE WOLF

Once upon a time there was a small kingdom in the northern part of France. It had a young king who was very fond of wandering in the forest, cultivating the friendship of wizards who lived there.

Once he incurred the wrath of a wizard who cast a curse on him. As a result, the king became a wolf.

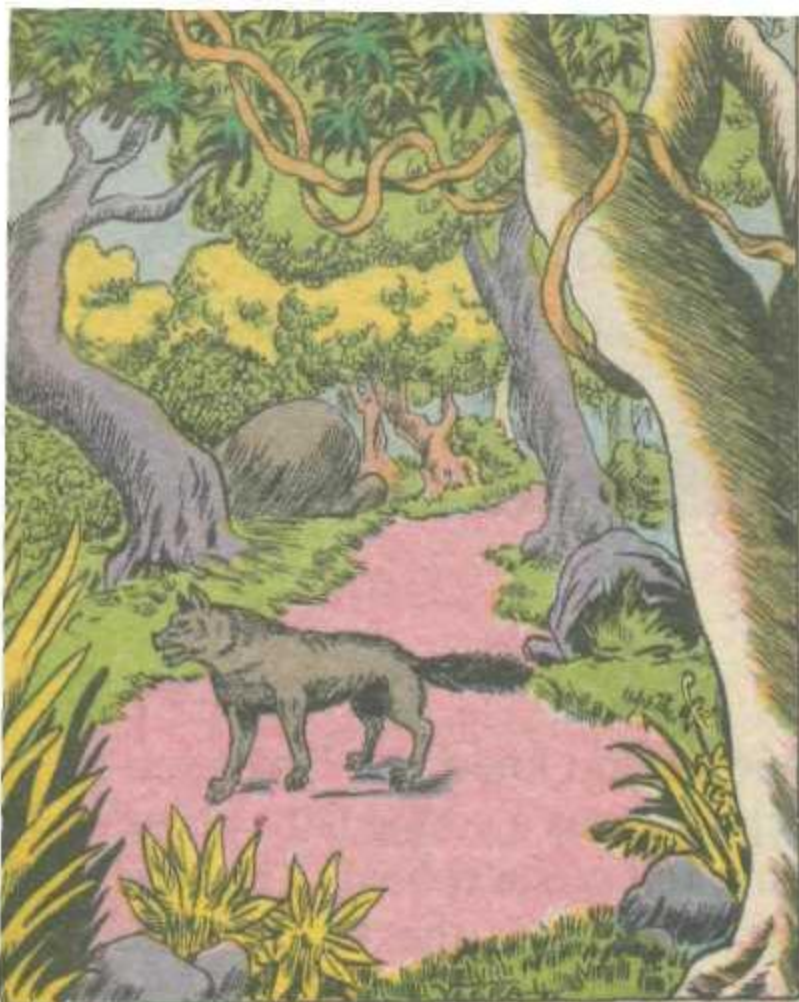
The wizard, however, repented for his action later and modified his curse. The king was required to remain a wolf only for two days a week. The curse was to remain effective for five years.

Every week the young king was obliged to enter the forest, shed his clothes and become a wolf. Two days later he would put on his clothes and become the man that he really was.

Apart from the wizard, only

one person knew the king's secret. She was a young lady whose husband was a robber. The couple lived near the forest. One day, with the consent of her husband, the young lady sat under a tree and pretended to weep. A little later the king came that way and saw her. She was no doubt, very beautiful. The king asked her why she wept. She said that she was a princess who belonged to a land that was faraway. She was on her way to her maternal uncle's house when bandits fell on her party. They killed everybody and took her prisoner. She somehow escaped after a few days, but without her royal clothes and ornaments. She had been loitering in the forest, not knowing what to do.

"Come with me to my palace," proposed the young



king.

The lady stood in silence, her eyes downcast. Feigning embarrassment, she said, "According to our custom, I can be a stranger's guest only if he marries me!"

"I shall marry you," said the good-natured king. True to his word, he married her at the earliest auspicious hour. The people were happy to see a beautiful lady becoming their queen.

"My dear queen, I have to be away in the forest for two days," the king confided to the lady when it was time for him to change into a wolf.

"I will go with you," said the lady.

The king was charmed by her eagerness to follow him. But he forbade her to do so. As the lady insisted on following him, he had to reveal his secret to her.

The lady feigned innocence and surprise and asked, "But how will you change into a human being again?"

"The moment I put on my clothes, I shall get back my true form," said the king.

"What guarantee is there that your clothes would be safe in the forest?" demanded the lady.

The king told her all about the cave inside which he kept his clothes and then took leave of her.

As soon as the king had departed, the lady sent a message to her robber husband. He found the king's clothes in the cave and brought them to the palace. The lady kept them hidden in a chest.

Two days later the king who had been turned into a wolf went into the cave, but was aghast to see that his clothes were not there. He could not recover his human form without his clothes. He ran here and



there and raved with anguish. He came near his palace too, but was driven away by the sepoys guarding the palace.

Three months passed. The king was not to be found. It was believed that he was dead. According to the custom of the area, since the king had left no heir, one who married the queen was to ascend the throne. The lady summoned her robber husband and went through a ceremony of marrying him. The robber was declared the king.

Days passed. One day the emperor of France was passing through the forest. Suddenly a wolf came running towards him and rolled on the ground before him. The emperor's bodyguards were about to kill it, but the emperor stopped them. He stopped, pulling the reins of his horse. He was surprised to see the wolf behave in a manner as if it sought his protection.

The emperor got down and fondled the wolf and carried it with him.

That night the emperor was to camp in the palace usurped by the robber king. As soon as the robber king came out to welcome the emperor, the wolf charged at him. He fell down.



The wolf was about to kill him, but the emperor stopped it from doing so. The wolf was found shivering with anger.

The emperor reflected on the situation. Why did the wolf which was so gentle attack only one person? The emperor knew that the real king of the state had disappeared and the lady who had become queen only for a few days, had married a stranger. He summoned the queen. She came out, trembling with fear. At once the wolf charged at her, but the emperor caught hold of it and saved the lady from certain death.

"I know the language of



wolves and I know why the wolf is angry with you. But I would like to hear the truth from you," announced the emperor.

The lady believed that the emperor had found out everything. She confessed to her wickedness and produced the stolen clothes of the young king.

"What should we do with this criminal couple?" asked the emperor. "No kind of punishment would be sufficient for them," he added.

"God has been kind to me.

Otherwise I would not have met you in the forest and you would not have been patient with a wolf. So, let us be kind to them and spare them of their lives," said the king.

The emperor appreciated the young king's attitude. He threw the criminal couple out of France and that is all he did.

The young king married the emperor's daughter. Soon five years passed and the effect of the curse too was gone.

A biologist was observing an ant carrying a piece of straw which seemed too big a burden for it. The ant came to a crack in the earth which was too wide for it to cross. It stood for a time, as though pondering over the situation. Then it put the straw across the crack and walked over it.

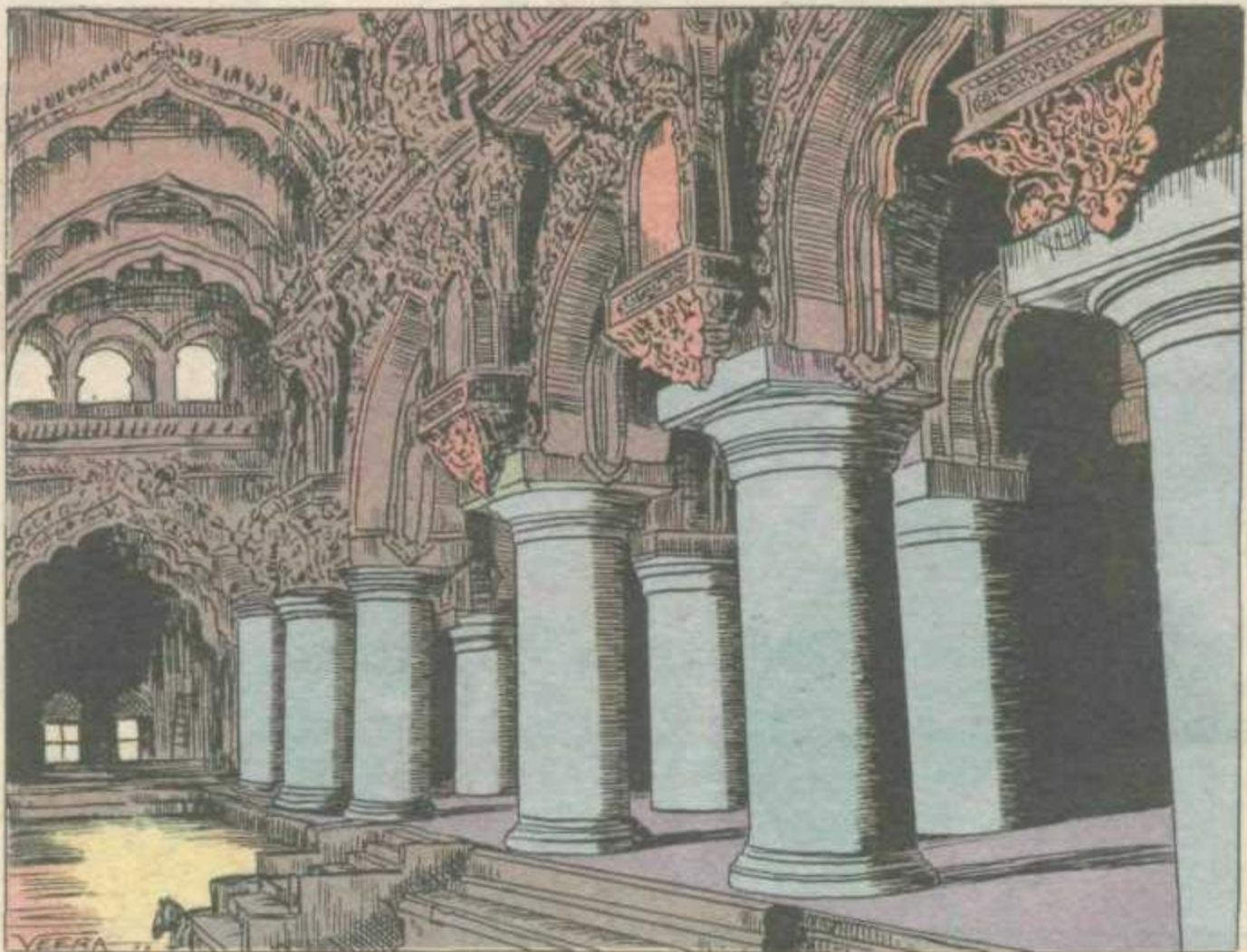


THE NAIK PALACE

Madurai is among the oldest cities of India. Its history goes back to over 2500 years. Once the capital of the famous Pandya kings.

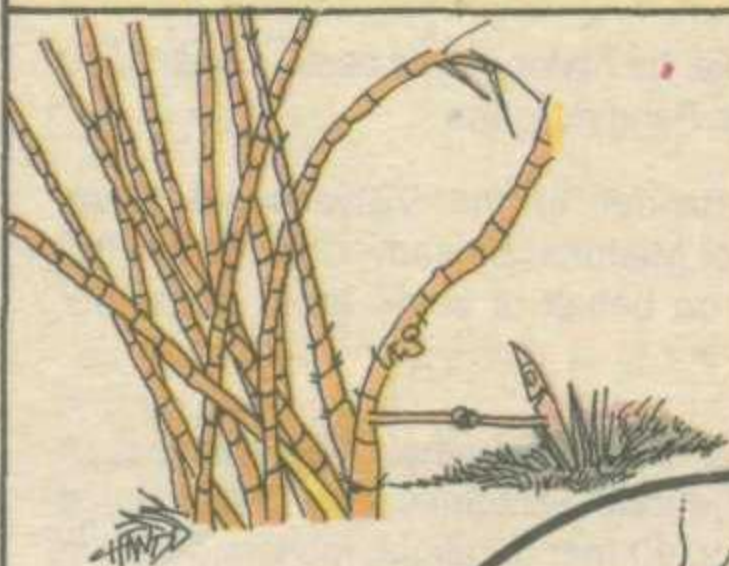
In the 16th century, a brave commander of the Vijayanagara Kings Viswanatha Naik, became the governor of Madurai. By early 17th century the Naiks were no longer mere governors on behalf of some other kings, but independent kings themselves.

The palace of the Naiks popularly known as the Thirumala Naik palace is an excellent example of what is known as the Indo-Saracenic style of building. It consists of two oblong blocks. The pillars, 40 feet in height, look magnificent for their majesty and simplicity. The "Swarga Vilasam" or the Throne Room, under the 60-foot high dome, is a pavilion so beautiful for its workmanship that it is believed to be unique.



DID YOU KNOW?

Botanically speaking, the bamboo is not a tree but grass.



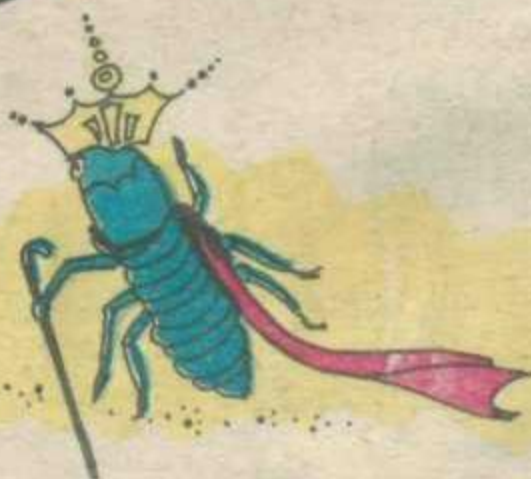
Forests in Siberia constitute more than one-fourth of the world's total forestry.



The parachute was invented more than hundred years before the aeroplane. Louis Lenormad of France made it in 1783 for people trapped in tall buildings engulfed by fire.



There is 91% water in the cabbage.



A queen termite can live for fifty years.

TWO INTERPRETATIONS

Once some sepoy of King Rudradev produced a stranger in his court. The stranger, who came from another country, was accused of robbing an innkeeper.

The king heard the evidence and pronounced death sentence against the accused. Suddenly the accused started speaking. But it was a language the king did not understand.

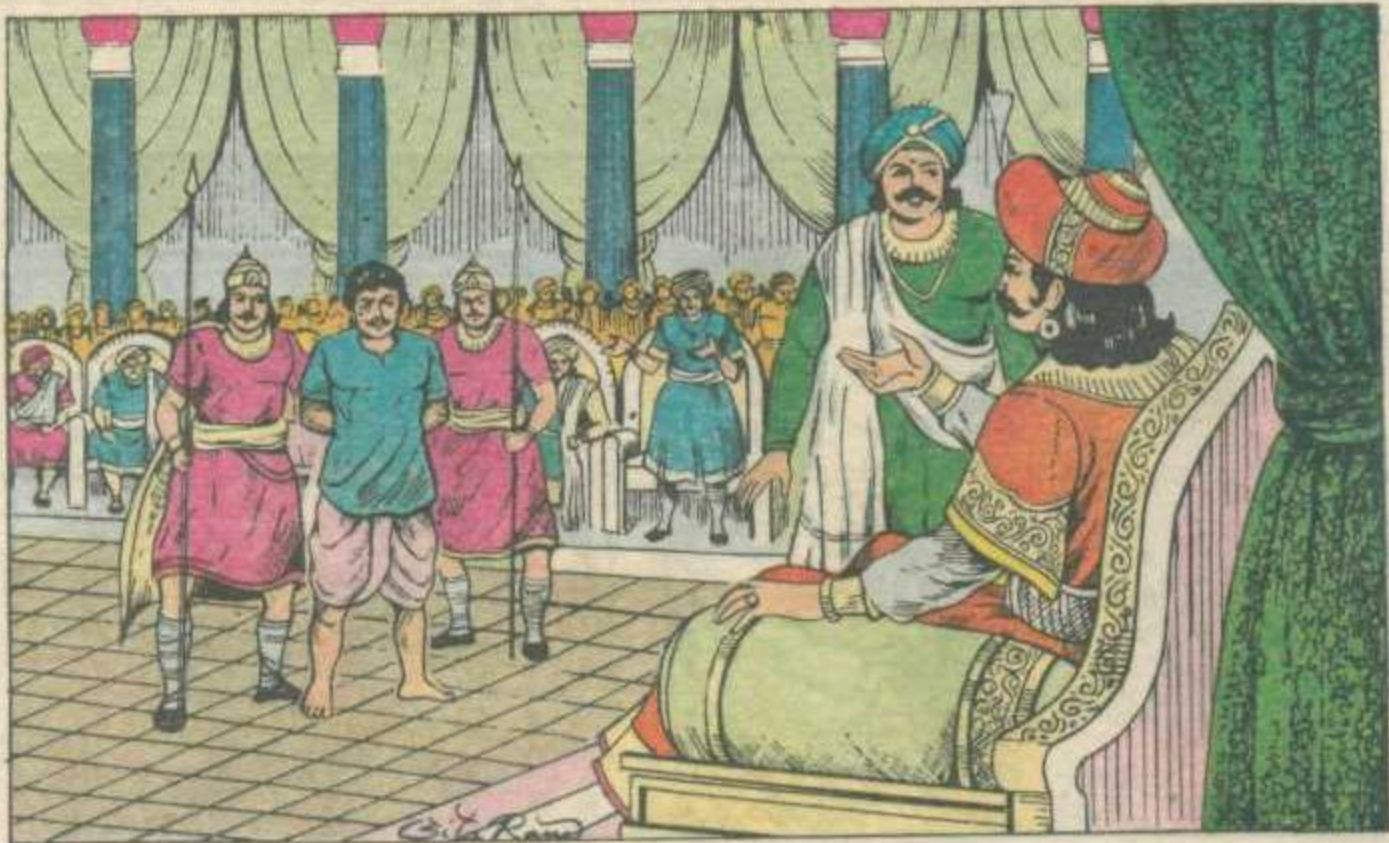
"My learned minister, can you make out what he says?" asked the king.

"My lord, he says that you are a just king and feels sure that you will be kind towards a foreigner," said the minister.

"In that case reduce his punishment to imprisonment for a year," said the king.

"My lord, I know the criminal's language. He is cursing you!" shouted a courtier.

The king kept quiet. Then he said, "I knew that the minister was lying. But his lie was intended to save someone's life. You are speaking the truth. But it is meant to result in someone's death. Hence I accept the minister's interpretation of the criminal's language."



USEFUL INDEED!

The zamindar of Shobhanagar was much interested in the system of Ayurveda. As we all know, the Ayurveda depends on herbs which are native to the soil. The zamindar had his advisor in an expert physician, Shridhar Sharma.

One day, while Shridhar Sharma was away, a fellow pretending to be a youth from the tribe of Bhils, met the zamindar and held out a stack of herbs. "Sir!" he said, "this is a rare herb useful for many purposes. Were Shridhar Sharma here, he would have proposed to pay me at least one hundred rupees for this!"

"What if Sharma is not here? We can pay you the amount you deserve! But tell me the truth, is this really useful?" asked the zamindar.

"I assure you in the name of God that the herb is very useful," said the fellow.

The zamindar was about to pay him when there appeared Shridhar Sharma, rather unexpectedly. He examined the stack and said, "This is useless!"

"Useless? Didn't that young man assure me in the name of God that this is useful?" exclaimed the zamindar.

The physician laughed. "He has not lied to you. This was useful to him, for he was about to receive a hundred rupees for this!"



PUTTING TWO AND TWO TOGETHER

"My pen-friend in Pakistan writes to inform me that her father works as a *dobash*. I did not find the word in dictionary. My teachers also could not give me any clue to the meaning of the word. Can you help?" asks Meena Chanda of Modinagar, U.P.

It seems Meena's pen-friend meant *dobhash* a word which can be found in a reasonably voluminous dictionary, *Chambers* for example. It is of Indian origin: *Do bhashi* mean a person who knows two languages. A *dobhash* is an interpreter. The father of Meena's pen-friend is perhaps working as an official interpreter in an organisation like an embassy.

"What is meant by *putting two and two together*?" asks K. Shanti-Priya of Kurnool.

When two and two are put together, the decisive result is four.

Mr. Antony put two and two together and understood that during his absence a stranger had befriended his servant and had managed to steal a table-clock from his drawing room. In other words, Mr. Antony took into consideration various facts (such as when his servant had seen the clock last, when the stranger was in the drawing room alone and whether anybody observed his going out) and arrived at this conclusion.

"Is it not correct that one who reacts is *reactionary*?" asks a reader.

Often a word grows beyond its original meaning. Perhaps originally *reactionary* referred to those who acted in the direction opposite to the one expected. Today *reactionary* means one who is conservative, one who does not approve of a revolution or a reformation believed to be progressive.

Mr. X is a *reactionary* author, so much so that he preaches against women enjoying rights equal to those enjoyed by men!





What do the Vedas say about Caste system? Can a single person have traits of different castes?

—Venkata Subramaniam,
Valliachalai.

There is a hymn in the *Rig-Veda* (Mandala X) which says that the Brahmin was the Purusha's mouth, the Kshatriya his arms, the Vaisya his thighs and the Sudra his feet. But the sense of this allegorical or figurative hymn is a far cry from the caste system as it came to prevail. The hymn is a description of the spirit of mankind (Purusha is the spirit of mankind). The sense of superiority and inferiority which came into the system is totally foreign to this hymn.

Yes, every individual contains in him all the traits of all the 'castes' even according to what we mean by castes today.

What is the difference between ice and snow?

—Wajid M.Q.,
Gulbarga.

Ice is frozen water. Snow is frozen atmospheric vapour.

What is a "black-hole?"

—Kartick Kumar,
Ahmedabad.

The black hole is a condition created when a star collapses. The vacant 'spot' (it may be extraordinarily large place) in the space becomes a field of strong gravitational pull. Neither matter nor energy can escape from this strong pull.

Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Bishan Maheshwari



Ravindra S. Kamboj

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for June '88 goes to:-

Mrs. S.V. Subhadra,
C/o S. Rama Murty,
Rangamma Quarters,
Sompeta, Dt. Srikakulam,
Andhra Pradesh-532 284

The Winning Entry:- "Like My Pose!" & "Wait Till I Expose!"

PICKS FROM THE WISE

Knowledge and discipline are mutually complementary.

—Mundaka Upanishad II, 2,6

A critic is a man who knows the way but can't drive the car.

—Kenneth Tynan

As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy.

—Abraham Lincoln

No share prices,
no political fortunes, yet...

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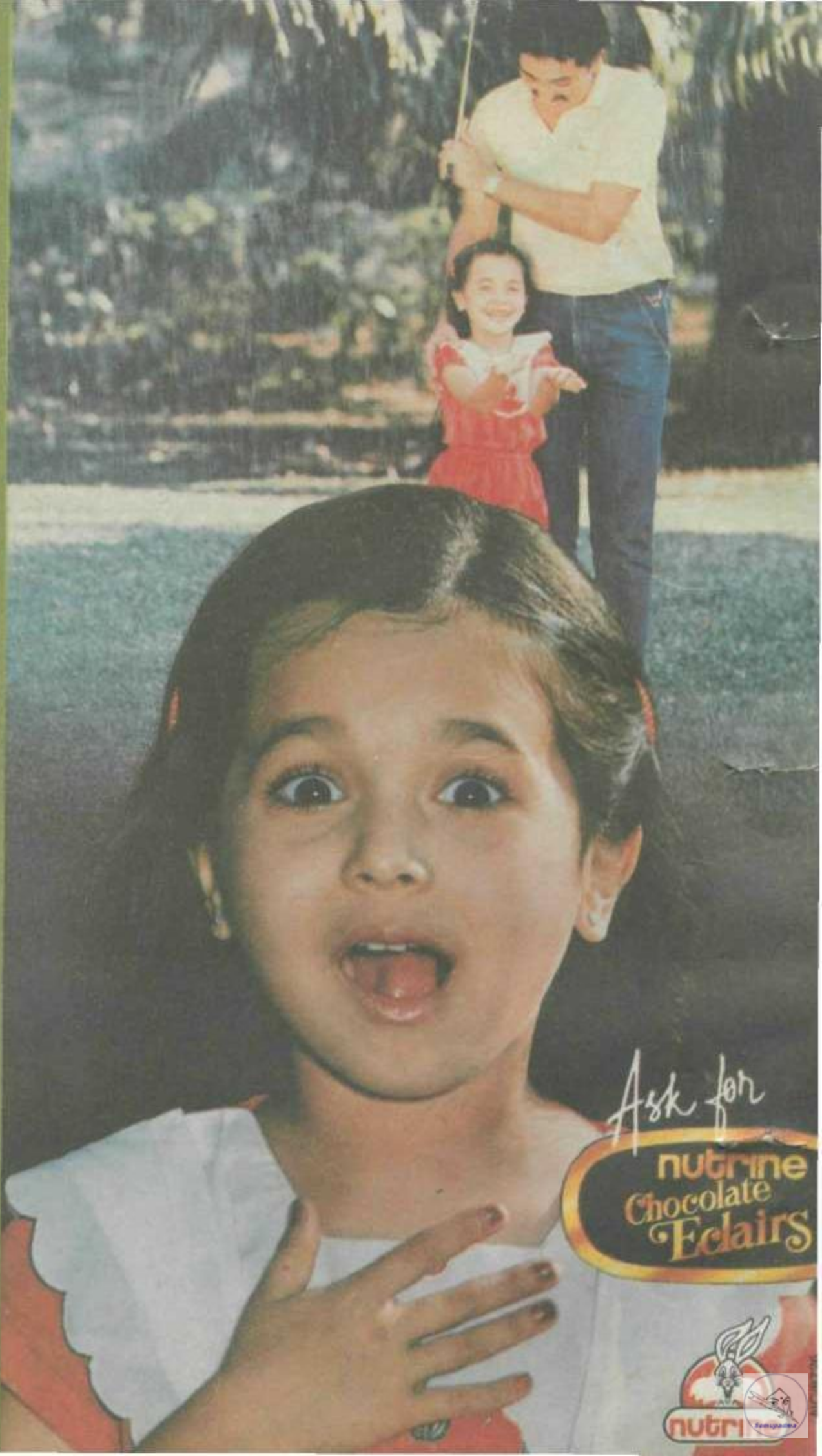


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